

## Evening Telegraph

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1864.

## THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I have painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,  
I have high and the hills with a glance of mine eyes.  
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the leaves  
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,  
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depths of the grove may be heard  
The joy-sounding song of its fluttering bird.  
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there.

And the quivering drapery is shaken to air.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,  
I summon ye all—away! away!

These soft days are yet sunny and long,  
That bright hours still brightening your fibres still strong.

To vigor and beauty helpless am I—

There is nothing too young or too lovely to die.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,  
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that capsize in the north:  
To send me a bark of the tempestuous gale!

But the bark of the tempestuous gale is strong;

These will to no man; there's a dirge to be sung:

For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,

They are doomed—they are dying—away! away!

## American Artists Abroad.

The London Times gives an interesting notice of the statue lately purchased by the British Museum from the gallery of the Palazzo Palace, in Rome, owned by the ex-King of Naples. The ex-King has resided in Rome since his deposition, and probably consents to this sacrifice of art treasures through pecuniary necessities. We were previously aware that our countryman, Mr. William Story, had interested himself in effecting this necessary sale, and are glad to copy the following complimentary notice of him, from the Times and himself, in connection with it, from the *Times*:

While we congratulate the country on this valuable accession to the national collection of ancient sculpture, we are bound to mention that this acquisition is mainly due to the friendly interest of Mr. Wm. Story, the well-known American sculptor at Rome, whose "Capitolini" and "African Sybil" were so justly admired in the Great Exhibition, and whose "Sam," still in his studio, is a work of even greater power. Mr. Story's first visit over-seas was for the purpose of making a visit to a tedious negotiation which ensued was brought to a satisfactory termination.

The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Post thus notices a recent bust of another American artist:

Mr. Greenough, the well-known American sculptor, has just sent from his studio in London a bust of the distinguished actress, Miss Helen Fauch, which, as a work of art, has received the highest commendation from the amateurs of Paris.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## General Grant's Family.

The family of General Grant, you will remember, some time since took up their residence in the city of Burlington. They are still there, occupying a trim little cottage on a quiet street running from the heart of the town down to the banks of the Delaware. The place is by no means pretentious or aristocratic, and has nothing at all to distinguish it from its neighbors, having, perhaps, selected for the reason that the wife of our greatest general, who is equally as plain and practical-minded as herself. At almost any hour of the day, passing the cottage, you will see a stout, rosy-faced girl, probably eight or nine years of age, tumbling her hoop on the sidewalk or playing with the yard-pony, and if you ask the Lancashire-tailor or any of the better neighbors of him, you will need to be told that this robust, laughing girl is his child—Nellie Grant.

Like him, she is compactly built, and there is in her a frank frankness, a hearty laugh, and a smile that is the life of the maidens of her age, and few "children of a larger growth" pass her in play without a pleasant nod or word. They resemble these lively people of the old old-time, when the world was young, and a boy's innocent love, which ensued was brought to a satisfactory termination.

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## A Terrible Murderer.

At one point on the Tennessee river there is a place that is called "the Devil's Den," and passing it they always find some place to secure themselves till the boat passes. At this point an old man, sixty years of age, has made his headquarters for a long time, and the peculiar "whoo-poo" of the old man can be heard for miles. He is a tall, gaunt, thin man, and sends a thrill of terror wherever he is heard. He has a long, heavy-barrel gun, originally a required rifle, which has been bored out to shoot different times, until now the largest bullet of the old man is deadly certain. The murderous sentinel is faithfully upon his watch, and his return so far has baffled all attempts to catch him, men have failed to do so, and are surrounded with fear and despair.

Well-informed river men estimate that this old man has murdered in this way not less than sixty persons; and yet he performs his murderous work with as much carelessness and vigor as when the world was young. The old man has now laid his head down to rest under the tree, where the gloom of night overtake him, as the images of those murdered over visit him. And as those pleasant reminiscences of the past are passing in his mind, he is about to sleep, when the hand of death comes over him.

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He has made them a lair of his.

We learn from Mr. McNamee, who, until recently, had a bad chance of the vice-masted, remanded queen of the trysting turf, that he has won back her youthful innocence from Ambry, where she has been leading a clover for the summer, to the chagrin of her husband, Mr. Donald. His son was first the intended of the family of M. McDonald that Flora should never have traded upon her bosom, but it has been demonstrated to the executors of Mr. Donald that it is the son of Flora who has put in position next spring to reward her for her conduct, to dispossess her of her laurels.—*Walla Walla.*

## A Fancy Wedding.

A wedding took place at Sherwood, Illinois, recently, that was equine as well as aristocratic, the contracting parties being Josiah W. Cranford and Helen B. Hart. The ceremony was performed in the stable of the old master of the residence—the bride being on horseback, and the bride and her three bridesmaids (Miss Fanny C. Hurst, Julia Shaffern, and Miss Mary M. Thurber), dressed and mounted on canaries.

John Hart's costume consisted of a deep blue cloth dress-coat, deep blue cambric pants, buff cassimere vest, black dress-jacket, checker collar black necktie, ruffled shirt-worn, and buff kid gloves; plain coat and vest were of the richest quality on the coat and vest.

The bridesmaids were dressed precisely like the bride, excepting that they wore plain amber-colored and lavender-colored gloves.

The novelty of the ceremony attracted a large company of the neighbors.

After the ceremony was over, the bridal party rode to the residence of Mr. Cranford's mother, where the formal wedding-feast took place. The bride and bridesmaids wore their riding suits the whole day.

A PALMIST MURDERED.—Officer Joseph Nutter of the Twenty-third precinct, who was a palmist, was murdered a young man, for whom he was working in West Twenty-fourth street. While conveying the prisoner to the Station House, the latter shot the officer in the head, the ball passing near the left eye, and entered the brain passing through the optic nerve. Officer Rankin hearing the report of the pistol, ran to the spot, and found the officer in a dying condition. He was taken to the Station House, where he died in a short time. He leaves a wife and two children. The murderer escaped.—*New York Post*, last evening.

## ON THE WRONG TRACK.



## FOURTH EDITION

## FROM THE FRONT.

## A FALSE RUMOR.

The Rebels Prevent Deserters from Leaving their Lines.

## THEY ARE DEBATED IN THEIR ATTEMPT.

Special to the Evening Telegraph.

Washington, November 8.—(Telegraphic.)—The Rebels, under Gen. Polk, endeavor that the men of the Federal forces should blow up Fort Donelson and make out of it a sharp climbing in that valley on Saturday night.

On the occasion a number of deserters attempted to cross over to the Federal lines, and the Rebels fired on them. The fire was returned from the rebels, when the enemy made a dash to cut off the escape of the deserters, and a severe skirmish ensued, during which we captured a number of prisoners, and some of the deserters reached us in safety.

Passengers report all quiet on the south side of the James river. On the north side, the enemy has lately shown indications of restlessness, as it appears to me to make an attempt to dislodge the 10th and 15th Corps from some of their positions.

The news of the capture of the pirate *Florida* is received with much satisfaction here, and the big-dad of the Navy Department has been hung out in honor of the event.

## CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

## OFFICIAL REPORT.

Despatches from Commanders Winslow and Coombs.

WASHINGTON, November 8.—The following despatch was to-day received by the Navy Department, announcing the capture of the *Florida*.

Boston, November 7, 1864.—Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.—Sir:—I have the honor to report the arrival of the United States steamer *Warrior* off Scapa from the *Reindeer*. We left the *Wachusett* and the *Florida* at 12 m. Thomas. The *Florida* was captured in the harbor of Bahia by the *Wachusett* on October 7th. We bring sixteen prisoners and one officer, from the *Florida*. (Signed) Winslow, Commander.

John A. Winslow, Commander.

ST. THOMAS, W. I., Oct. 31, via Boston.—Sir:—The *Wachusett*—Hon. Gideon Welles, Secy.—Sir:—I have the honor to report the arrival of this ship, with the rebel steamer *Florida* in company. The *Florida*, with fifty-eight men, and twelve officers, was captured about 3 o'clock on the morning of October 7th, in the bay of San Salvador, Brazil, by the officer and crew of this vessel, without loss of life.

Five of her officers, including her commander, and the remainder of her crew, were on shore. The *Florida* had her rudder-stem and many iron-work cut away, and her hull cut down. This vessel sustained no injury. A detailed report will be handed to you by Paymaster W. W. Williams.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. COOMBS, Commander U. S. steam-ship *Wachusett*.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

Cairo, November 8.—The steamer *Magnolia* has arrived with New Orleans arrivals of the 1st inst.

The Custom House was at a dead stand. A few barrels of molasses were sold at auction at \$15.00.

A steamer from St. Louis had just arrived, with two thousand barrels of oil. The Four Master was unhooked and greatly depressed. Prices range from \$475.00.

One barrel of molasses, weighing 500 lbs., cost 15c.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. COOMBS, Commander U. S. steam-ship *Wachusett*.

TO PHILADELPHIA.

On Oil Creek, now producing about twenty barrels per day.

On the 1st instant, the oil was sold at auction on account of its unsold character for export purposes.

This Company have in hand one of the best oil wells in the country, and the oil is now in marketable condition.

It is estimated to bring the price up to round barrel.

Oil Creek is a very interesting oil well.

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